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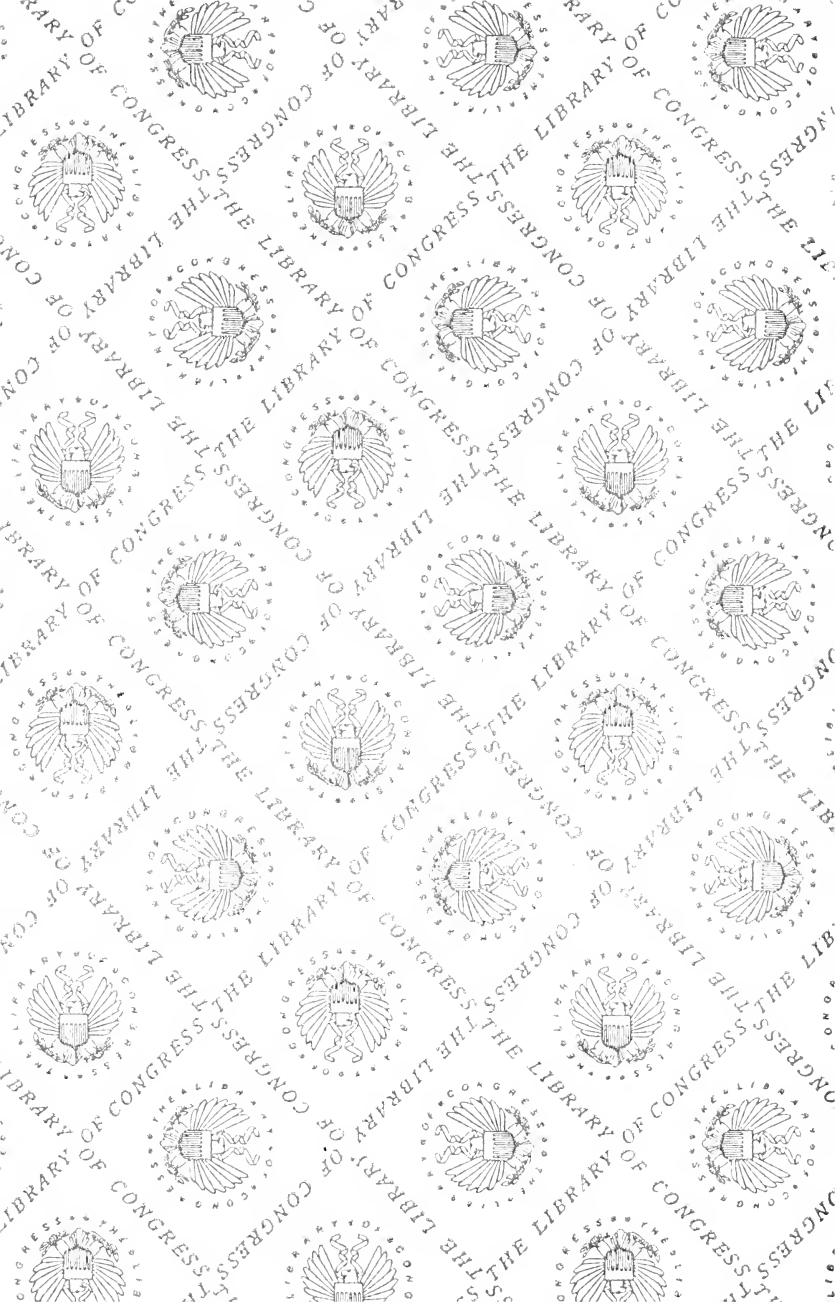
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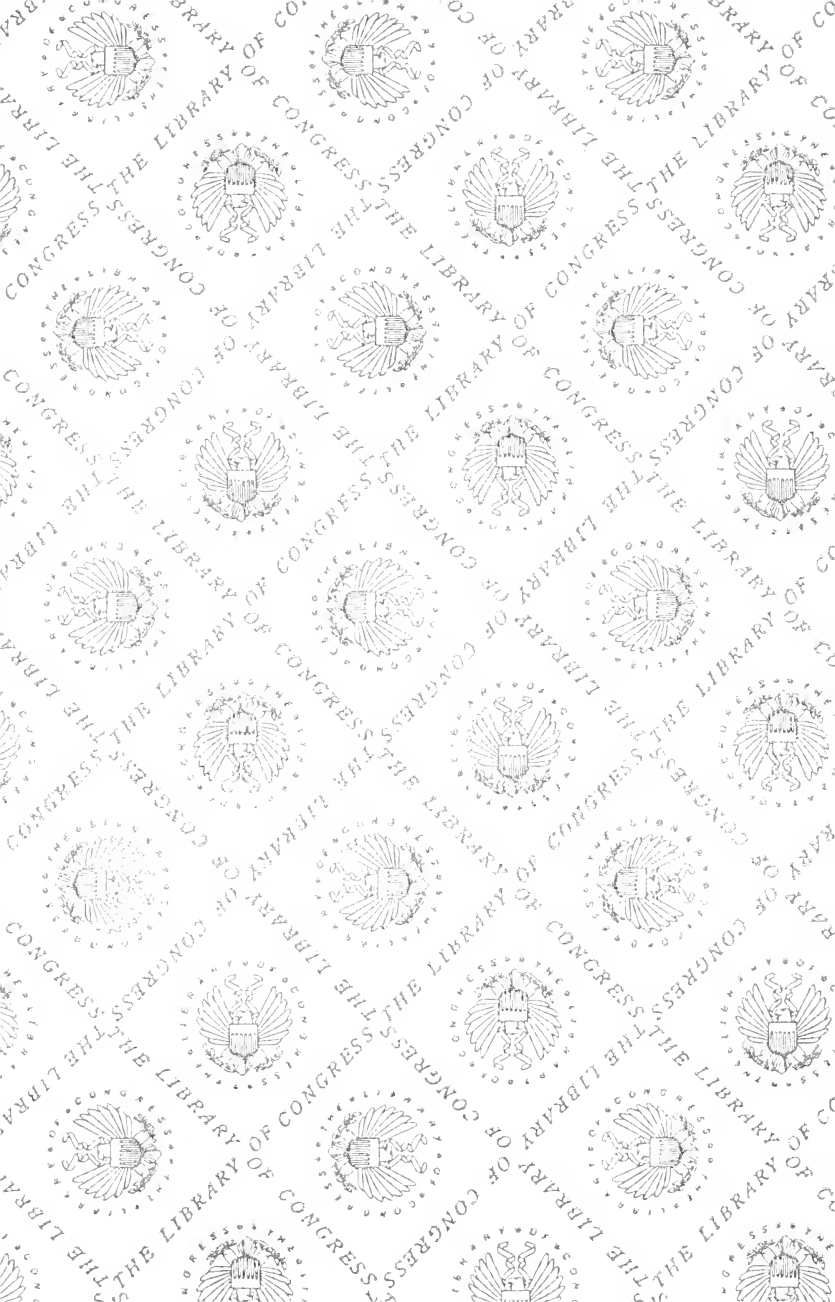
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P O E M S T O E M M A.

BY

PELHAM BROMWELL.

[H. P. H. BROMWELL.]

Baltimore, 1823, ——— 1903, Denver.

DENVER, COLORADO

1919.

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*Je vais où va toute chose,
Où va la feuille de rose
Et la feuille de laurier !*

Arnault.

T O E M M A.

Bright one of the clustering ringlets,
Those who can thy charms may tell;
'Tis not I who dares to breathe thee,
Strains whose glowing thoughts may wreath thee
With that halo of perfections
Which should round thy temples dwell:
But that Heaven's own smile may bless thee,
More than words can here express thee,
And the Cherub's flaming buckler,
From all harm may guard thee well,
Is the wish that this would tell;
And that round thee and above thee,
Still to love thee, ever love thee,
Spirits fairest,
Spirits rarest,
Spirits like thine own may dwell,
Those that ever
With the loved and gentle dwell.

If I marked thy queenly graces,
If thy voice my soul did fire,
Though of Earth its accents seem not,
Though whence came its tones I deem not,
Save from Israël the Angel,
He whose heart strings are a lyre;
May I not these numbers broken
Offer at the shrine of beauty
Even though so dim their fire?
Wilt thou spurn the artless token,
Which thy charms alone inspire?
Wilt thou say, this graceless dreamer,
Wherefore should he dare aspire,
Thus to tune his paltry lyre;
Who regards his invocations,
Let them feed more earthly fire!

Even there where fate may lead me,
Whatsoever hath Heaven decreed me,
Still through memory's tinted vista
Shall one radiant form appear;

As the Rose the waste perfuming,
In the green oasis blooming,
To the moonbeam spreads its beauties,
In the Desert wild and drear;
Where the gurgling fount is flowing,
Where the love star nightly glöwing,
Wakes the bird from out his slumbers
On the scented jasmines near.

Though that fate be dark and clouded,
In mysterious darkness shrouded,
And the wild and stormy future
Shows no star or beacon light;
Like this night of gloom prevailing,
All the holy starlight veiling,
Like this fierce November tempest
Echoing o'er the hills of Night,
O'er the withered lilies sweeping,
Where the loved and lost are sleeping,
Sounding hoarse its dirge like chorus,
Through the vale and o'er the hight.

With its wailing ulla lulla
For the lovely things of light.

Thou in brighter paths shalt wander,
Brighter far than mine below,
Though through shifting scenes of pleasure,
Thou mayst eul the joys unmeasured,
Which for thee unceasing grow:
Yet when Fortune's smiles are round thee,
And the wreaths of joy have bound thee,
And thy heart's own wish has crowned thee
Till thy cup of Bliss o'erflow,
Not a hope shall shine before thee,
Not a joy shall Heaven shed o'er thee,
But this hand would quickly pour thee,
Would but Heaven the power bestow.

A fragment, remainder is lost;
probably written in 1857.

“GOODNIGHT”

N O N G.

GOOD NIGHT.

Good night my Love, for the Queen of Night
Looks down from her sapphire throne,
And the star that I named for thee is bright,
On the midnight's jewelled zone.
And thy *bul bu'* voice, and thy light guitar,
No longer their chords unite,
And thy soul is away in the dream world far,
Good night, my Love, good night.

Good night my Love, I will meet thee there,
On the shore of some magical isle,
And the fields of enchantment shall grow more fair,
In the light of thy love warm smile.
Together we'll roam where the vales of bliss
Lie bathed in all rainbow light,
Where the world of our joy has no clouds as this.
Good night my Love, good night.

Good night my Love, for I see thy form,
And thy tones in my heart remain;
And my soul goes up, on the tune wings borne,
I dream as I weave this strain :
And this waking dream shall the hours entrance,
Till the Night God takes his flight,
And grow brighter still in the sun's first glance,
Good night my Love, good night.

1857.

NOTE: He changed this poem slightly, in 1868, giving it the title "*To Emma In Heaven*", and it was published after his death.

"HERE'S A STRAIN TO THEE"

"HERE'S A STRAIN TO THEE"

Here's a strain to thee, though afar thou dwell,
And my words thou not soon shalt see ;
But more dear at last shall the things they tell,
And the thoughts they bring to thee be.
Here's a strain to thee, though before thy hand,
Unseals the expected lines,
The sun shall be thrice in the evening land,
And thrice shall the love star shine.

And thrice, when Night's tears on the rose
are thrown,
And the vales are in darkness cast;
My soul will go out on the winds alone,
On the wings of the midnight blast,
They shall bear me off to a world away
Where no shadows or tears may fall,
And no longer in silence, or lorn I'll stray,
Nor darkness my spirit enthrall.

For a form there dwells, and a voice there
rings,

And a smile ever bright I see ;
And a charm that is wrought by no mortal
things,

Comes over that world and me ;
And that world and form, and that voice and
smile,

Are only where thou art found ;
Whether seen by fancy when dreams beguile,
Or truly, on mortal ground.

Then a strain, though afar from thy loved abode,
I will breathe, and thy soul shalt hear;
For the words of Love have a magical road,
By which they can reach thine ear ;
Then a strain to thee, though afar thou dwell,
And these words thou not soon shalt see,
For the thoughts they breathe, and the things
they tell,
Even now are revealed unto thee.

"THE WINDS HAVE GONE DOWN TO THE VALE"

"THE WINDS HAVE GONE DOWN TO THE VALE"

The winds have gone down to the vale, Love,
To whisper a song to the birds,
Which have fallen asleep on the spray, Love,
A song that is sweeter than words :
The aspens that shadow the far hight,
Still tremble while all is serene :
Keeping time to the pulse of the starlight
Which throbs in their silver and green.

But what is the song of the bird, Love,
Or the wind or the star-light to me ?
There's a voice which the groves never heard,
Love,
Which comes to my spirit from thee.
There's a star which is brighter and nearer
Than those which are shining above :
And its light, ever purer and dearer,
Is cast from the eyes that I love.

The North-light is streaming on high Love,
And bathing the hills with its fire;
And the stars of the pole quit the sky Love,
The lamps of Orion retire ;
The banners of flame and vermilion
Sweep down the dark shadows of night ;
Till the arch of the midnight's pavilion,
Is vested with curtains of light.

But what is the north-fire to me, Love ;
Or its standards of jacinth and flame !
Its splendors as suddenly flee, Love,
Its beauties dissolve as they came ;
There's a light that unceasingly shining,
Still chases the midnight for me :
And this love-light, which knows no declining,
My constant aurora shall be.

1857.

"OH SING NOT THIS STRAIN"

T O E M M A

O, sing not this strain when thy bosom is light,
And thy sky is all brightness alone ;
When silver shod Love leads in paths of delight,
And my voice is a love breathing tone :
Let it locked in thy memory silently be,
A souvenir cherished alone ;
To speak of the hours when my love was on thee,
As the odors of Araby thrown.

But should sorrow come down on thy fond beating
heart,
And the sunlight of joy disappear,
And the love smile should seem from my brow
to depart,
And my voice should grow cold to thy ear :
Then sing me the strain that I breathe to thee now,
And a charm from its numbers shall flow ;
And my heart strings repeat the heaven registered
vow,
Which was sealed in my spirit below.

And the words to my breast shall like spirits
descend,

And the voice of its passions control ;
And the chords of affection their melodies blend,
In the innermost cell of my soul.

And Love shall draw near with his seraphim
wings,

And fan the dim embers to flame ;
And thy heart shall confess in the transport
he brings,

That thy loved one still loves thee the same.

THE VOICE OF THE NIGHT WIND.

THE VOICE OF THE NIGHT WIND.

The voice of the Night-wind was low in the vale,
The tears of the mountain phlox scented the gale,
When a voice all of melody plaintively swept
Thro' the dell where the spikenard and silver-bell
slept.

Singing, thus forever

Wanders he away

Whencefore should he never

Near my bosom stay ?

What are Love's entwinings,

Since they bind in vain ?

Only sad repinings

Unto me remain.

Then answered the voice of some echo-like strain,
Far off on the hill side which shadowed the plain;
O sigh not loved maiden, the heart that has flown,
Still throbs in the distance for Emma alone,

Ever throbbing, ever,
As the chords above,
Which vibrate forever
To the touch of Love,
Soft elastic pinions
Bind thy wand'rer still
Throughout Love's dominions,
Wander where he will.

T O E M M A

Emma, now the storm-wind murmurs lowly,
 To the smitten flowers,
And the pale stars keep their vigil holy
 Through the silent hours.

Now the day, to other lands returning
 Leaves us to the night,
With her tapers distant, dimly burning,
 On the cerule hight.

Earth's dark mother now her sombre curtain,
 O'er her children throws —
Tossed no more by cares uncertain,
 One and all repose.

Emma, now the sleep-god's silken pinions,
 Bind thy star like eyes —
And thy spirit seeks the fair dominions
 Where the dream world lies.

Sleep my love, the angel hands are o'er thee,
Weaving all thy dreams,
Gilding all the vision land before thee,
With celestial beams.

Blessings on thy virtue and thy beauty —
On thy spotless love —
Ever walking hand in hand with duty,
Like to theirs above.

Heaven will surely grant its kind protection
To thy gentle form,
Shielding all thy heart buds of affection,
From the cold and storm.

Night shall charge her hours to kiss thee
sweetly,
Till the dawn arise,
And the gold fledged sunbeams hast'ning
fleetly
Pierce thy brighter eyes.

Sleep my Love, the one who wakes to bless
thee,

Soon with clasping arms,
Comes again with rapture to caress thee,
With thy wealth of charms.

THE O. N. G.

There's light in each beam everywhere
When the heart is glad,
There's music in each air,
When the heart is glad,
And the stream of life is fair,
And the sails of our vessels bear,
Among the rose islands there,
When the heart is glad.

There's darkness all around,
When the heart is sad,
There's discord in each sound,
When the heart is sad,
And the stream of life goes round,
In a fatal circle bound,
Where but rocks and shoals abound,
When the heart is sad.

When thy heart is near to mine,
Then my heart is glad :
When my eye can rest on thine,
Then my heart is glad —
And an influence all benign
On my heart begins to shine,
And this life is all divine,
For my heart is glad,

But thy form is far away,
And my heart is sad ;
And there falls no loving ray
On my heart that's sad ;
And I loathe the dreary day,
And the scenes thro' which I stray,
And the airs that round me play,
For my heart is sad.

1858.

"THE ROSE OF CORYDON"

C O R Y D O N R O S E .

The rose of Shiraz, the Nightingale's bride,
Unfolds its charms 'mid the bowers of pride,
When the dews come down through the moon-
light pure,

Which floats o'er the gardens of Koh-i-zur,
Though sweet on the breezes its odors flow,
By the golden channels of Hin-doo-koh,
Let it bloom for those who its charms may
see,

For the rose of Shiraz is naught to me.

The lillies of Paz float fair on the stream,
When the echoes sleep and the wood-nymphs
dream,

And wave their frontlets of midnight pearls
To the brighter eyes of the Chilian girls :
Yet not for me do their beauties shine,
Nor yet for this doth my heart repine :
Let them bloom for others, though fair they be,
For rose or lily is naught to me.

Though lone I dwell, where no scented flower,
Adorns a wreath for my leafless bower,
I think not of beauties in nature's fields,
I sigh not for charms which the wild-wood yields,
But I think upon beauties more rich and rare,
I sigh for the bloom of a plant more fair;
And while I its image in dreams may see,
The beauties of Earth are as naught to me.

But dreams alone cannot fill the heart,
And visions but vanishing joys impart;
I would gather my flower to my heart and arms,
I would grace my bower with its living charms,
I would dwell in the circle it renders divine,
And no heart upon Earth should be near but thine;
Then come, my "*Corydon Rose*," and be,
Beauty, and *blessing*, and *life* to me.

1857.

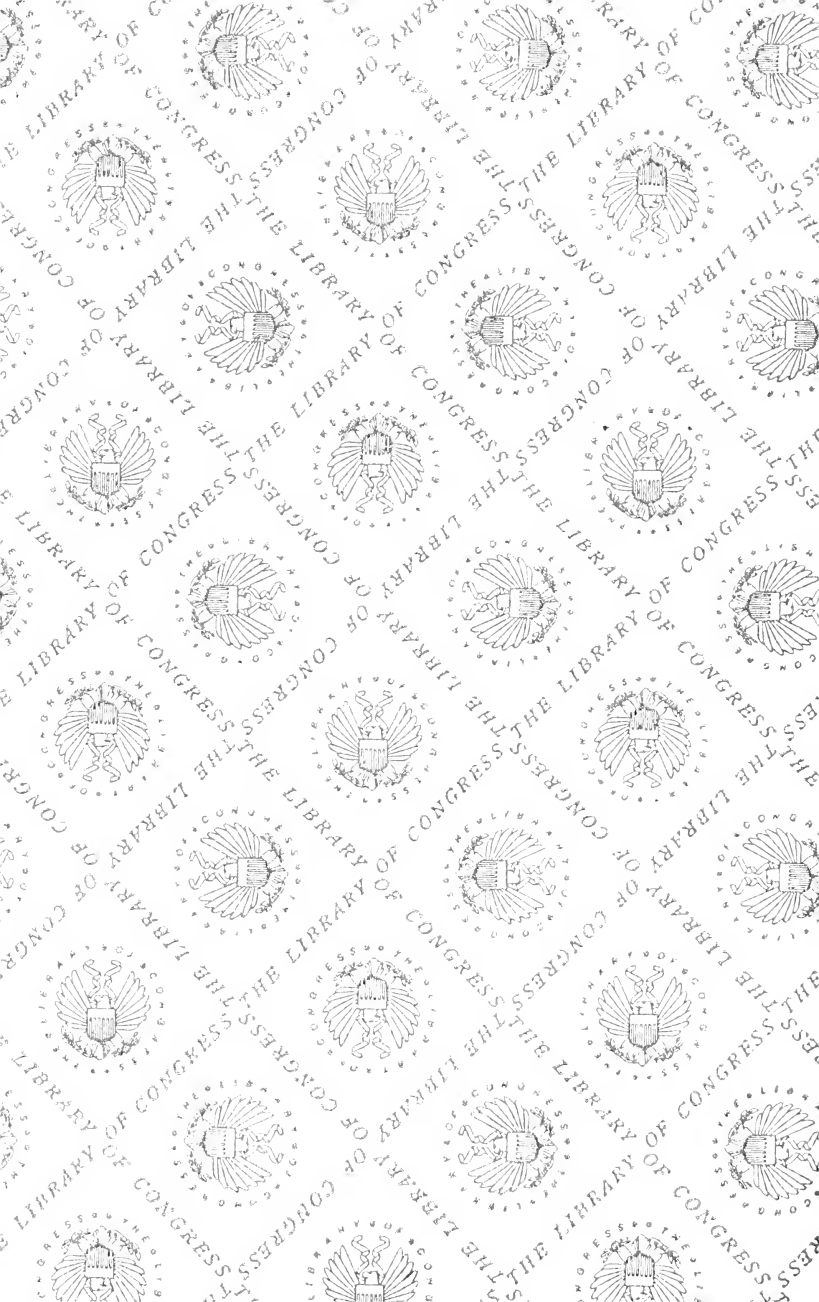
∴ This poem was printed in 1909, with the *Song of the Wabbeek*.

"A GOLDEN CLOUD SHE PASSED ME BY."

A golden cloud she passed me by,
Not pausing in her bright career ;
Nor wave of hand, nor glance of eye,
Intended to repress or cheer
Evinced a thought that I was near.

Eve's rosy hues were all abroad,
Light lay serene on field and wold ;
Its brightness as the smile of God
Zoned all the earth in lucent gold ;
And pleasure which all hearts did bear,
Beamed in the light of every face ;
Except that sadness came to share
The scene with me, — for all the grace
Held something mournful in its trace.
What boots it who might pass or stay ?
Yet loving hearts that come and go,
May know not of their gentle sway ;
As passing ships that never know,
Nor heed the waves they cause to flow.

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